

term's Roundel Competition, of which Miss Millar won the prize—"The Poems of Herrick."

GETTING UP.

It seems that I have scarcely closed my eyes,
And still the charm of dreamland fast enthrals me,
(I always greet her tap with dumb surprise)

When Mary calls me—

"Time to get up!" Oh! such a thought appals me,
Face a new day? My half-waked courage flies;

"I *must* sleep on, whatever there befalls me,"

So something in me always loudly cries.

And yet—although my very meekness galls me—

I yawn, but dare not hesitate to rise

When Mary calls me.

The Drawing-room Evenings since the spring term have been "Schiller," by Miss Bruce-Low; "Florence Nightingale," by Miss Bowser; "Celtic Mythology," by Miss Mocatta; "Charles Dickens," by Miss Gillies; "Indian Mythology," by Miss Ring; "Schubert," by Miss Phillips; "George Borrow," Miss Gayford; "Norse Mythology," Miss Kember; "Michael Angelo," Miss Somerville. This last was given on the terrace in front of the house. This term we have had "William Morris" by Miss Vine, and "William Barnes and Thomas Hardy" by Miss Viney.

We have two new members on the staff this term, Miss Gass and Miss Parker. Fräulein Grimm has left us, and Miss Parker is her successor.—Yours sincerely,

THE PRESENT STUDENTS.

EXPERIENCES IN GERMANY.

When on July 20th I went abroad all was quiet, both in England and Germany. About a week later Weimar began to get excited about the consequences of the Sarjevo murder,

and on July 30th we heard mobilization had been ordered. We had gone to spend a fortnight at a little place near Weimar when the news came. It was a Thursday, and we were having tea in the garden of the Kurhaus, when suddenly a new telegram was put up in one of the windows, and there was a general stampede towards it. We were the only people left sitting, everyone else was crowding and elbowing to read the latest news. We left the Kurhaus at once and went back to the pension where we were staying, on the way hearing the proclamation of mobilization in the streets. Everywhere there was confusion, and the Post Office was so crowded that we could not get attended to for a long while, and when at last we telegraphed we were only allowed to do so in German, using German characters. This telegram was the last news our friends had of us for a long time, for the letters we had posted that day were all returned, opened. Next day we returned to Weimar; the crush at the station was awful, and we had to travel thirteen in a carriage for six! We reached Weimar at mid-day, but it was impossible to start for England as our luggage had all got lost on the way. On August 5th we heard of the declaration of war by England, but Weimar refused to believe it, and declared that it was a report spread by Russians to frighten Germany. It was quite true, however, and we all had to go to the Rathaus and register ourselves. After this our visits to the Town Hall were numerous, and we were always interviewed in the criminal police department! At last, on August 21st, we heard that there was a possibility of travelling, and we packed all our trunks accordingly; we had obtained emergency passports from the American Embassy, and all was prepared for the journey when the inevitable "criminal polizei" official arrived and absolutely forbade us to start. He told us that Germany was under martial law, and that we were liable to be shot if

we attempted to leave Weimar, the best that we could expect was a sojourn in the "Gefängnis," and after storming like a Petruchio he left the house. We were bitterly disappointed at being forbidden to leave, but we thought it better than being shot, or even than being put into prison. The police official had indeed given us to understand that we were to consider ourselves prisoners of war "till further orders," and very dull we found it. Whenever the news of a German victory reached Weimar German flags were hung out on our balconies, and bells were rung. We went very little into the town, but used to walk up to a little hill behind the pension and watch the long trains of men passing through, bound for the front. Sometimes four or even five of these trains went by in an hour, and they were running day and night, so the number of troops transported must have been enormous. At last some Germans discovered where we went for our daily walk and posted up a notice securely with glue "That the benches on the hill were not for impudent English people." On the whole, however, we were well treated, some friends even sent us American ribbons to pin on to our coats, but of course we did not wear them. It was not till the end of September that we were finally allowed to leave, and then it was with great difficulty that we obtained police passes. At midnight on Monday, September 28th, we started for England, travelling by Halle, Magdeburg and Stendal, and so on through Bentheim to Rotterdam. At Stendal we saw a long train of wounded French prisoners; poor things! they looked so terribly ill and depressed. We afterwards met an American on the boat who had cheered them from the other platform; the train was guarded, and all the windows shut and the doors locked. We had a terrible journey, and had frequently to stand on the luggage in the corridor of the trains for hours together, but once several Germans got

up and offered us their seats. I don't think we shall ever forget that journey, it was not till midnight on the 30th that we arrived at Rotterdam, and here we first heard the true news. In Weimar we had read in the papers that England was in despair of raising an expeditionary force, as only two or three hundred men had volunteered! When Maubeuge fell we heard that a hundred and twenty-eight British Generals and thirty thousand troops had fallen into the hands of the Germans, but a fortnight later a small paragraph at the bottom of the paper "regretted that a mistake had been made, and that only a hundred and twenty-eight young men of eighteen had been made prisoners." We heard also that revolution raged in Paris, and that London was starving; altogether the news was far from cheering, but fortunately far from true also. We reached England on October 2nd, after a journey of sixty hours. It was delightful to talk English again, and to hear it spoken round us; more delightful still to feel free again. I hope it will be a long time before I am again a prisoner of war, indeed it is a most uncomfortable position.

A. HAGGARD.

NOTES ON CRITICISM LESSONS.

PICTURE TALK TO CLASS II.

In this lesson, in which Titian's picture of St. Christopher was taken, Miss Sumner, in criticizing, remarked that she did not like to see the children using charcoal in their reproduction of the picture. Charcoal is difficult to manage, and Miss Sumner thought that brush-work in monochrome would have far better results. This has already been tried with success in the Practising School.